

new address:

**Donny Smith Box 411 Swarthmore PA
19081-0411 USA**

the critics speak:

"These memories, fantasies, and dreams made for some good,
interesting reading."

Laurel Wilson (Planet Demented)

"for all you introspective and intelligent literals out there"

Jean-Luc Turbo ("Traction")

"caused a warm octopus to unfold in my stomach and reach a tentacle
down into my groin"

Wade Hood

94110/2721



dwan 23

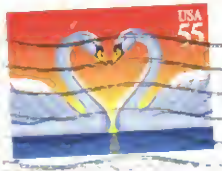
first class

price

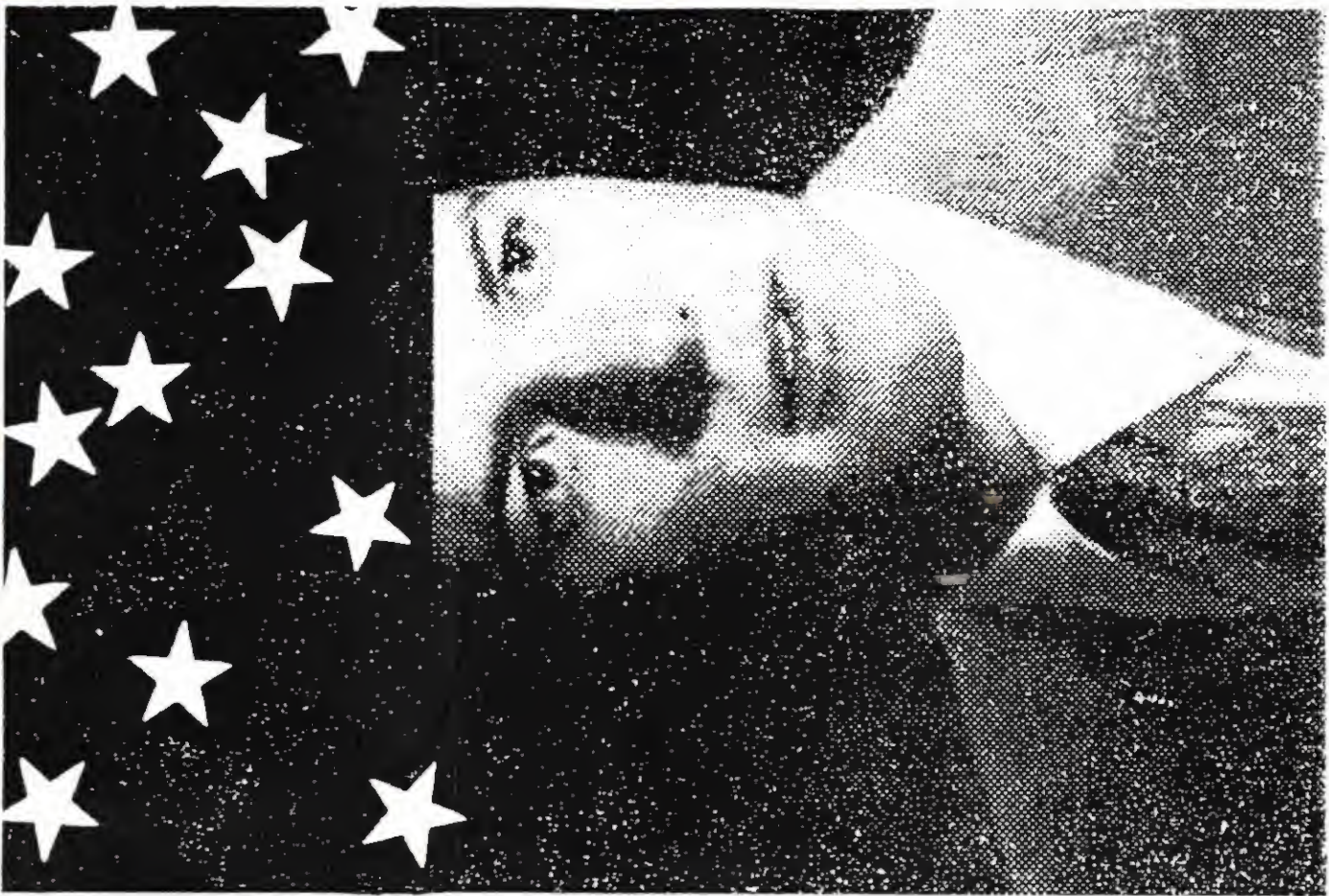
\$2 (free to prisoners)



PHILA PA 191 1757 02/24/98 #21



Dwan'23 Smith



Dwan 23

FEB 16 1998

Alicia Gallegos

Ser, seremos algo / o no llegaremos a ningún lugar / aunque a veces
/ el camino se bifurca / nos perdemos / sin querer llegamos a puertos
desconocidos / aguas transparentes / nieve / blanca / quien sabe / que
nos espera / en esa casita azul /

Seremos algo / del otro lado de nosotras mismas / del lado infiel /
impuro / incapaz de lograr lo que nos piden / el lado salvaje / puede
aparecer / morder tu carne / arañar tu espalda / mientras te posco /
mientras consigo lo que me negás / En esa casita azul / la de los
sueños / la de las puntillitas / el arroz con leche / se escucharon tus
gritos de placer / cuando sientas lo que soy.

Fabíán O. Iriarte

el escándalo temblaba
rayado como una cebrá (*federico garcía lorca*)

when he walked by they used to whisper madly about holes
and glory and fright and grief and rage they went
from substratum to calamity in their count of bad omens
that would befall him they denied him either verigo
or saliva

and they eventually said *no*
to the voracious certainty of living things
that thrived only in his garden

prisoners in their wounded towers the neighbors
hid their shadows they did not like his ritornellos of breeze
they did not want the asperity of his evenings they did
not need the song that came of late from his lily balcony
they despised his spiritual exercises they turned away
from the sight of his body lacerated by anxiety and joy

but he did not care he would never pay attention
to their signs in his pursuit of the possession of ecstasy
he was blind deaf mute

he would not let them choose
the form of his own eternity

Your Letters to Me and My Diary to You

"Du mußt dein Leben ändern." (Rilke)

III (vapor)

me asomo al espejo del baño para espiar mi cuerpo
acaricio sus curvas anhelantes
sigo el laberinto de sus líneas
todo mi cuerpo sabe que fue hecho para que una amante
acaricie esas curvas y siga esas líneas
me maravilla lo que despiertan mis caricias
y cómo mi cuerpo responde como un perro amaestrado
cuando tomo mi pecho entre mis manos
me pregunto cómo le caerá mi cuerpo
a la primera que lo mire
ni como madre ni como hermana
ni como una extraña que mire de reojo
sino como amante
alguien diferente que sonreirá al acariciar estas curvas
tan fascinada con ellas como yo
alguien diferente que se maravilla por la respuesta
que despiertan sus caricias suaves

translated by Fabián O. Iriarte

February 12, 1994

Dream. I found a wig and fake-fur coat, to make my escape in. There was earthquake and fire. Power lines snapped. And I was so tired, beside the road. I would never live, as a refugee.

December 17, 1996

I had a dream about my friend Norah the other day. I had disguised myself as her and was going into her bedroom to go to bed. As soon as I got in the room a spirit grabbed my head and pushed my face down into the covers, trying to smother me. I started yelling out every saint name I could remember: "Help me, Saint Anthony ... Saint Theresa, Saint Rita, Saint Zita, Saint Mary, Saint Martha, Blessed Virgin ..." until it let go of my head and let me breathe again. Then I went to sleep.

March 28, 1997

email from David Stensland

I had a dream last nite about a Diamanda Galas performance. It was kind of a combined Easter/vampire theme. The first half was normal Diamanda babble more crazy than scary. Then everyone left for intermission. Then without warning the lights went out and she starts just sort of going "Jeeezusssss" and everyone rushes into the dark auditorium thinking they're missing out. Then there is a screen projecting on stage a film that is a sort of red-colored, vampire-or vampire-bat's-eye view as tho you were seeing wat the bat was seeing as it stalked up on the actual theatre where the performance was happening. As tho you were about to be attacked while watching wat the vampire was seeing all the while "Jeeezuuusssss". You gotta admit its a great idea.

October 1997

review by Lynne Lowe from *Amusing Yourself to Death* #8

Dwan #21. This issue features an interview with Giti Thadani, the author of *Lesbian Desire in Ancient and Modern India*. ... The rest of the zine is poetry which is mostly on the dark and twisted side. I was a bit bothered by the [editor] tearing apart some of the entries that she gets from readers. She tells them to "rethink" their work. To me, a person's poetry is untouchable (no matter how

badly written). This is a unique zine, though, and it provides some very powerful reading.

October 8, 1997
my introduction to *Dwan* 22

The things I like best in zines are letters and diaries; look for more in future *Dwans*. I'm also hoping to make *Dwan* more bilingual, publishing Spanish poems as well as Spanish translations of English poems ... please contact me if you can translate.

mid-October 1997
my email to *Amusing Yourself to Death*

I disagree (obviously) with Lynne about poetry being "untouchable". That's not really taking it seriously. I mean, I wouldn't pick up someone's notebook or diary and say, "This needs work"—but to publish— Every word that goes out changes the language a little, and ultimately changes the world just a teeny bit. Bad poetry that "expresses" the "essence" of someone's "soul" is fine, as long as it stays in their notebook. Just don't send it to me. ...

October 30, 1997

Get up, pick up the van at Rent-a-Wreck, load the van, eat, go. Midge [cat] tries to bite me when I try to pick her up to say goodbye. All goes well till the first reststop on the turnpike. When we start the van, scary revving of the engine, the accelerator's stuck. We try tromping on the brakes, tromping on the gas, eventually it unsticks. On the ramp back onto the turnpike it sticks again, worse. Nothing works. Trudge back to the payphones, call rental agency. Trudge back to the van, try what they say. Trudge to phone, call rental. Trudge to van, try something else. Trudge to phone, call roadside assistance. Trudge to van, wait. Eventually the towtruck comes, the guy sprays WD-40 everywhere, and we're on our way. Reach Philadelphia at rush hour, a little sticking of the accelerator in traffic, but mostly okay. Unload the van. Have Indian food with Anne and Salem.

Halloween (October 31) 1997

Mark leaves, I cry. My first full day here. Anne and Salem keep me busy. They have one trick-or-treater.

Ruby Just
Tía

I (*furia*)

mi manga roza contra zonas
de mi brazo en carne viva
que hace diez minutos
yo misma cavé
bien adentro con mis uñas
tracé marcas en mi piel
medialunas color blanco
soy un Midas perverso
quienquiera que toco se vuelve
herida

II (*dorien*)

la estoy matando
cada vez que me mutilo
cada vez que odio esta encarnación
ella se reduce
se disuelve
y se me hace cada vez más difícil encontrarla
cada vez que la olvido
me estoy matando

Joe thought for a moment. "Oh, ya, I was there once with Nancy. That's when I did that. He's one of her friends. That's how I met him."

"Oh."

"He wanted to go to the bathroom with me," Joe said.

"He wanted to go to the bathroom with you? What does that mean?"

Joe shook his head. "He wanted me to piss on him."

"What?"

"He's into golden showers, you know. You piss on them and they drink it."

"Are you serious?"

"Ya," Joe grinned. "You never heard of that?"

"I'm learning new things from you every day," Michael said.

"Good. Can you give me a ride over to Hyperion? I got to pick something up."

*

They turned onto Sunset Boulevard.

"Are you hungry?"

"You're always asking me that!" Joe snapped.

Michael shrugged.

"Ya, let's get an okie dog," Joe mumbled after a minute.

November 3, 1997 letter from Owen Thomas

Somebody somewhere said poetry should be at least as well written as prose. ... I suppose I mostly just don't see the point of poems without tight meters and rhyming schemes. I mean, I guess I like Bukowski's stuff and all ... I don't like much rhyming stuff, for that matter ... I guess I'm just not much of a poetry fan.

November 20, 1997 letter from Christine Rojas

... for the past few months I have been extremely disillusioned by society and humanity as a whole. It seems that people are more concerned about the next Seinfeld episode or issue of Vogue than they are about the human spirit and its potential. I almost believed the entire world was wallowing away in stupidity, until I read *SCUM Manifesto*.

I must say that I agree with most of Solanas's theories about men and society. To read them was to validate that part of myself which must keep quiet if I am to keep my sanity in this insane civilization. I believe that we should do away with the money system, and that hierarchy, war, and government are all constructions made by men for men. Not that women couldn't make them, but that our female nature would find them, well, ridiculous. You can imagine the relief and pride I felt after reading this book. Somebody did have some intense opinions and did not let herself be blinded by others.

After reading *SCUM Manifesto* I feel a renewed pride in myself and my beliefs. It saddens me to think that such a great mind lived such a chaotic and lonely life. In spite of what is implied of her mental state, I don't think Solanas should have been put in a mental institution. I'm sure it's what contributed to her drug addiction and lonely, tragic death.

As for her shooting of Andy Warhol, well, I can't seem to blame her. From what I've seen and heard about him he seemed to be a selfish, opportunistic, manipulative, cold little man. I have not yet seen the movie "I Shot Andy Warhol". My reason being that the character Valerie appeared to be dumb and without focus. Your average "lunatic". But that's just from the previews. Maybe the movie will be different.

December 1997
response from Lynne Lowe in *Amusing Yourself to Death* #9

Who are you to tell another poet that he/she needs work? I don't care how "experienced" you might be. Giving an opinion is one thing but picking it apart and telling them how to write it is another. It is just as personal as a *diary/notebook/journal*. I agree, every word changes the world somehow but to tell someone how to write when it comes from the heart? It's okay to say you don't like a writer's style or don't agree with the content. It's not up to you to rearrange the poem just because you think it should be written differently. I don't know, maybe some writers enjoy that kind of help. If I were a poet and submitted a poem to be published I would be extremely offended if the editor told me how to "word it better." At least we agree on one thing—if you think that someone has sent you a piece of "bad" poetry then just don't print it!

December 2, 1997

I'm seriously considering moving into the suburbs. Which seems so pointless. I mean, one of the main reasons I moved to Philadelphia was to live in *Philadelphia*, the city. Then last night I came home from work to hear there had been a gun battle in the street an hour after I left for work, just a few doors down from our house.

Which just adds to my bad feeling, since I was robbed last week. Wednesday night, about 545, the night before Thanksgiving, about a block and a half from home, I hear someone mumbling something right behind me. I turn around and there's two little boys right there, one with a gun. They were saying, I finally realized, "Give me your money." So I did, and they took my whole wallet as well, then went through my pockets and took all my change.

I don't know. Ethically, I don't want to be part of "white flight". I think it's probably immoral just to run away from things like this. Am I wrong? What about the people who can't move away? Do I have any responsibility to the neighborhood just because I live here? On the other hand, I don't want to be shot.

Of course I'm furious at those two boys. I find myself having punishment fantasies. I meet them again and this time I kick the gun out of their hand and knock them down and kick the shit out of them both. Or, I'm attending their trial, and witness after witness testifies what they've done, how they're rotten to the core. The judge sentences them to juvenile detention to age 21, and they're

"Great. I have some pictures here and a couple of posters too." He reached to the floor.

"It's really hot in here," Joe said.

"Yeah," Michael agreed.

"Oh, would you like me to open a window?"

"Ya, it's so fucking hot. You hot too?" he asked Michael. He sounded shocked.

"Yeah," Michael said.

"I like to sleep with a window open and he's always closing it, because he's too cold," Joe said, and he pointed at Michael with his thumb.

Scott stiffened at Joe's innocent admission. He looked slowly at Michael with a new-found interest—and respect. He smiled slyly and included him in any further conversation.

To be included with such intimate ease, to be thought of as someone who belonged to Joe, even by the likes of Scott, pleased Michael immensely.

Before they left, Michael went to the bathroom and gazed at the large poster of Joe that hung over the toilet. It was autographed *To Scott, Thanks, Joe*.

*

"That place made me sick," Michael said as they drove away.

"He's kinda strange, but I got my movie."

"Gave me the creeps."

"Ya, that's why I thought you'd like to meet him."

"Thanks very much," Michael said. "You been there before?"

"No, not really."

"When did you autograph the poster in the bathroom?"

Michael Gregg Michael from the novel *Joe*

Scott Solomon was a studio propman with an encyclopedic knowledge of low budget and avant-garde movies. He lived in the basement apartment of a hillside duplex in Laurel Canyon. It was crowded with movie props, autographed photos, movie posters, lobby cards, and an overwhelming collection of cult films on video tape or actually in the can. He had the thin, ugly face of an egret.

Michael had driven Joe to Scott's apartment on the promise that Scott would provide them with a copy of a particularly obscure film Joe had made in Puerto Rico twelve years before.

The apartment was one large room with a long, narrow bathroom off the tiny kitchen area in the back corner. The room was a mishmash of odds and ends of discarded furniture. It smelled like mildew and garbage and was hot and stuffy.

Michael sat near Joe on a couch in the middle of the room. Scott sat across from them. He held the tape in his hand, turning it over and over as he spoke.

"I'm so glad you could make it." Scott spoke directly at Joe, ignoring Michael. "I'm sure I'm the only person around who has a copy of this movie. It happens to be one of my favorites too."

Joe grinned briefly. Michael looked about the room. The windows were well over six feet above their heads, and half of the window glass was covered with dirt. He felt like he had been buried alive.

"I've always wanted to ask you, did you enjoy making it?"

"It was okay," Joe said noncommittally. "It was the first one I did outside of the country. My agent said to go ahead and do it, because no one would ever see it anyway. It sucked."

Scott smiled. His teeth and fingertips were yellow from cigarette smoke. "I have something to ask for, though, first," he said. "Of course, I'm not going to charge you for this, but I wonder if you could autograph a few things for me."

"Ya," Joe said.

murdered before they're released. Or, I find out who their parents are and chew them out up one side and down the other.

I don't know what to do with all these feelings. Right after the mugging I was dead calm. I felt like I was in a dream. I just turned and walked home at my normal pace, went in, said hi to Salem, set my stuff down, looked at my mail, called 911, then went up to tell Salem the police were on their way. Maybe I'm going to have a post-traumatic stress episode soon.

I thought I was doing so well. It's four blocks from the train station to home. I walked along the route that seemed the safest. Tried to avoid the shadowy corners, the overhanging bushes. Looked alert, watched who else was on the street. Walked briskly, like I knew where I was going and was almost there. Still I was taken completely unaware and there wasn't much I could do. It could've been a toy gun, but who can tell in the dark? At 545 it was completely dark. I didn't even see their faces. I was able to tell the police they were black, about 4 feet tall, and one was wearing a turquoise winter coat. I know now not to carry all my credit cards, ATM/debit card, and all my other IDs and cards all with me at the same time. But what more can I do?

I did check out a book today called *Her Wits About Her: Self-Defense Success Stories by Women*. And I've made some kind of vague resolve to do something concrete to make the neighborhood a better place. And I don't just mean a better place for white people. I don't really want to see those boys sent away to reform school or whatever they call it in Pennsylvania. No-one comes out of those places a better person. I do want to see them stop. I'd like to have some kind of assurance that they will never pull a gun on anyone again. I know I won't get that assurance, but I'd like to do *something*.

I went and saw June Jordan tonight. She gave a talk on campus about her Poetry for the People project. So many of the things she talked about are things I've been pondering. Like how our language transforms and how poets have been at the center of civil rights movements, revolutions, and social change all through this century. She talked about the responsibility she felt as a poet in the 60s, getting up in front of an audience of cleaned-up, dressed-up people, who had made a special effort to travel in to hear her. These weren't just her friends of "movement people", these were kids and old people, the whole community, like church. She felt an obligation to say something important to them. "Folks trusted black poets."

She talked about making connections and community and about the sickness of "the measure of success in this country is how much you can isolate yourself from other people"—like a private office, a doorman, the suburbs, a country home. "We need to get to a place where we can trust each other to say truth. You say something and I know you mean it. I say something and you know I

mean it. We can trust each other. This is Dr. King's vision of the 'beloved community'."

December 3, 1997

I swore I'd write in my journal every day. I haven't even told you about the dogbite incident.

December 8, 1997

The euphoria of being in this place has definitely worn off. And it isn't the dogbite or the mugging or the gun battle in the street right on this block. It's just the daily annoyance of getting up in the morning, going to work, working, coming home—and all the little tasks that go with it like shopping, cooking, bathing—the things that always get me down. Thinking about money. The first month here was like a long vacation—new sights to see, people to meet, things to do. Now it's real and I'm having some doubts. If Mark was here maybe—

Emily Dickinson's birthday (December 10) 1997

I was all stuffed up last night and snoring and woke up about once an hour with a snort. Even when I was sleeping I was snoring in my dreams.

Yesterday I crashed the printer at work. It ended up being a huge ordeal for them to bring it back up. Of course it could've been avoided if I'd been a little more open. My computer froze while I was printing a big run of notices and I didn't want to ask anyone how to get out of it, so I just shut things down and left. I come in this morning and everyone's immediately asking me to undo whatever I did to the printer, before I even set my bag down or take off my coat. I was hoping no-one would notice. I'm always doing that.

Lately I've had nothing but complaints to write, but really I've been trying to keep it positive. I don't want to be whiny, mokey, self-involved. On the train tonight I was reading *Slow Leek*. Davida was talking about riding the train: "For some reason the trip home was very enjoyable. I can't hope to explain what that means for me, but it is like breathing. It is like the regular inhaling and exhaling of breath during sleep, with a sense of internal stillness. There's something so peaceful about motion, planes and trains are lulling to me. ... I know my peaceful mood might have had something to do with being sick. I hope not though, because I am hoping to remember my serenity, it has been many months since I felt like that."

I'm not sure what to write tonight. I feel like there's something important I should be thinking about.

Olivia by Olivia [Dorothy Strachey Bussy]
out of print book?

A novel about first love and becoming an adult; also about loving literature and suddenly seeing the connections between literature and life and being transformed. This book was like some exquisite candy you don't want anyone to know you have till you've had your fill. I hated reading it on the train or at work, because I didn't want people to ask me about it. The clarity of Olivia's writing about her passion just amazes me. The difficulties of love of any sort made me ache—not just between teacher and student or between woman and girl.

Redemption: For the Sexually Adventurous and Alternative
Number 21

zine available for \$10 (US or Canada dollars; checks payable to A. Carstens) from Akasa Publishing, Box 54063, Vancouver BC V7Y 1B0 CANADA
You've probably already received your complimentary copy of this overpriced publication. Not that I want to say it's bad—there were good articles on breast safety in SM and on wearing and caring for latex clothing—but I don't know many people who can afford a \$10 zine, especially when it's only 47 pages. (I'm still thinking about the article on abrasion: is that sexy or not?)

Slow Leek #16

zine available for \$1 or trade from Davida Gypsy Breier, 4 Robin Hood Rd, Havre de Grace MD 21078 USA

I think the best issue of this, one of my favorite zines. Davida reflects on her doubts and fears, on doing zines, on her many parttime or ongoing temp jobs, like substitute teaching, taking photos of cheerleaders and sports teams, being an extra on *Homicide*, etc. Davida's diaries were the main inspiration for this *Dwan*. Watch out for the T.R. Miller references.

Sot el khawal

zine available for \$1 from Ghalib El-Khalidi, Box 407 Hampshire College, Amherst MA 01002 USA

Good first zine from a queer Arab. The personal stories run together, from seeing *Go back to camel land Fucking Camel Jock!* on a bathroom wall, to fleeing wars in Israel, Lebanon, and Kuwait—and finally in the United States.

Uncle Fishhook and the Sacred Baby Poo Poo of Art

article from *Semiotext(e)* date?

Interview with Smith by Sylvère Lotringer in which Smith talks about how the "underground" and "avant-garde" exploit and debase his art and art in general. Smith gives his vision of a socialist community. (Thanks to Lisa B. Falout!)

Dodo 3

zine available for \$2 from Dorothy H., 1240 Irving St NW, Washington DC 20010 USA

Dorothy's musings on turning 30, being mugged, not being a "success", etc., plus all the sickness of our society. I can relate!

Gerbil: A Queer Culture Zine number 8

literary magazine available for \$3 from Gerbil, Box 10692, Rochester NY 14610 USA

Every time I've heard about *Gerbil*, I've heard it was the greatest thing since the Stonewall Riots. Don't believe the hype. *Out/Look* was better looking and more literate. (Remember *Out/Look*?)

Holy Titclamps issue no. 16

zine available for \$3 (free to prisoners) from Larry-bob, Box 590488, San Francisco CA 94159-0488 USA

I think the best issue ever of this important zine, and I'd say that even if it didn't have an article by me on Valerie Solanas. Highlights: Larry-bob's interview with ex-Cockette Tomata du Plenty, C. Bard Cole's profiles of obscure gay men, Brian Bouldry's meditation on decadent writers of yesteryear.

Italian Pleasures by David Leavitt and Mark Mitchell

hardback book, \$16.95, Chronicle Books

Dozens of little travel sketches, interspersed with passages from more famous writers. Amiable, gustatory, very gay. Very zine-like too, and that's a good thing. (Thanks to Michael Gregg Michaud!)

Jack Smith and His Secret Flix

by J. Hoberman

booklet available for \$3 at the American Museum of the Moving Image (Brooklyn)

Program notes to the Jack Smith film festival. Includes essays by Jerry Tartaglia and Ken Jacobs.

Madwoman #9

zine available for \$2 from Helena, 30 S 4th St, Madison WI 53704-5253 USA

Highlights: Helena's diary of her pregnancy and miscarriage.

Me and My Charms #1

zine available for \$1 or 2 stamps or trade from Ruby, 263 Dupont St, Johnstown PA 15902 USA

Ruby reflects on her name, homeschooling, self-mutilation, the mysteries of sexual attraction, vampires, bananas, Jesus, and more! Plus poems by Melanie Hemphill. I'm not the only one who's quite taken with Ruby.

mid-December 1997

letter from Don Wentworth

Your opening interview with Giti Thadani is a lesson well learned for those of us who have the romantic (aka colonial) view of eastern religions/philosophies, which, of course, includes myself, otherwise I wouldn't be saying this - I always enjoy the poetry & this time your shared correspondence, particularly with Vytautas, was again a revelation - I think you & I share a certain kinship in our approaches to art/editing - your "Simple-minded stories just have no beauty ..." is an important maxim, one I would translate, the majority of the time, to my approach to poems sent this way for publication [in *Lilliput Review*] - above my desk I have a little reminder note that says "Clarity & resonance, not necessarily in that order." - the key is, of course, that clarity and simplicity should not be confused - I believe we can only hint at the true magic of life, there are no definitive answers, there are only finely constructed questions - again when you say "Every single word hides a multitude of words." I see that as something that could serve as a *Lilliput* slogan! In some ways, the fewer the words, especially in poetry, the more weight the ones left must bear & this is why the short form can teach so very much to the writer paying attention enough to wish to learn -

December 21, 1997 - January 2, 1998

Our trip to Nebraska: Omaha, Roseland, Ohio, Lincoln.

January 5, 1998

I was so dreading coming back here. Mark and I were snapping at each other as we packed to come back from Nebraska. On the plane I had feelings of doom. I kept my hands folded, praying—not that I believe in Who I was praying to.

When I moved to Philadelphia I was so elated to be away from Penn State I ignored all my other feelings. I don't think I was dreading the return to Philadelphia (as dreadful as Philadelphia might be) as much as the departure of Mark. We really hadn't been apart for six years, now we're maybe 150 miles apart.

I woke up about 430 in the morning with my stomach in knots, couldn't get back to sleep. Said goodbye to Mark, who went back to Bellefonte. Caught the 805 train. The first day back to work wasn't so bad, except every 10 minutes or so I felt like throwing up.

My boss said she had an anxiety dream about me. She said she came in to the library and someone told her they'd gotten a call saying I had to stay in Oklahoma and wouldn't be coming in and she didn't know what they were going to do with me gone. Then she remembered I was from Nebraska, so she figured maybe I would be in.

January 6, 1998

Despite it all I'm happy. Even tonight, tired, alone in my room, waiting for my laundry to finish, I feel elated.

But incomplete. I wish Mark was here most of all. And I wish we could live in Lincoln with a job as good as the one I have here—and still take the train to New York and be there in a couple hours. I'd like to have big old house where all my friends could come and live, or a bunch of cottages with a common yard.

January 19, 1998

I know I've offended some people with my editorial style. I've been thinking about it a lot lately, but putting off writing anything about it. Maybe we need to hold a Maoist-style denunciation. Everyone who's ever submitted to *Dwan* can come publicly announce how I've harmed them and the "cause". Then I'll write my confession, sign it, read it aloud, and await my sentence.

January 26, 1998
email from Mark Hain

I felt really disoriented after I got home last night—I don't know, maybe the cigarette smoke. I almost felt drunk, and it's extending into today. Everything seems strange, sort of unreal, like I'm detached from everything. This wasn't helped by having a low-level nightmare early this morning about having to wake up and go take two exams, neither of which I was prepared for. It made me feel anxious and insecure all morning. ...

I really miss you. I wished you could have been with me to see the movies. I don't even like to go to my diary anymore—the ice cream just doesn't taste as good w/out you here. I hate feeling so mooney and dependent, and really I'm all right, I just wanted you to know that I think of you so often, and wait for the time we're together again. So don't worry, I'm just fine. Hope everything is going well for you. I'm going to call you tonight to discuss the credit card bill, so I may talk to you before you get this.

reading list

Amusing Yourself to Death: A Guide to Surfing the Papernet
no.9

review zine available for \$3 from Ruel Gaviola, Box 91934, Santa Barbara CA 93190-1934 USA

Excellent. Detailed reviews; and sometimes more than one review per zine. Ruel and friends take a personal interest in the zines they review, which draws you in. And they feature *Dwan* frequently, so they've got to be good.

The Assassin and the Whiner issue number seven

comic available for \$1 from Carrie, Box 481051, Los Angeles CA 90048 USA
I was reading this on the train and had to put it away because I didn't want to be all red-eyed and emotional when I got to work. Reading her graphic diary of night after night sitting home drinking beer alone or going out to bars or parties and drinking beer alone was enough, but the story of her cat dying—I wish Carrie was my friend. She has a nice drawing style too. And there's a sweet story of her making out with her future girlfriend at a drive-in in high school.

Big Bang Año III Número III

literary magazine available for \$10 (Argentina; money order made out to Alicia Susana Gallegos) from Alicia Gallegos Editora, C.C. 84 - Sucursal 3 "B", (1403) Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA

Impressive multilingual magazine, mostly in Spanish, some English, French, Portuguese, and Italian; most writers from Argentina, but some from Brazil, France, Spain, and United States. Very queer friendly too.

Concave Up: An Illustrated Dream Anthology #5
comic available for \$3 from Jesse Reklaw, Box 200206, New Haven CT 06520-0206 USA

At first you could mistake this for some trendy slick corporate product. Glossy color cover, professional quality artwork inside. But it's interesting, and personal, and that's the big difference. The concept is, people send in their dreams, Jesse illustrates them. This issue: "Religious Dreams". Well done.

The Death in Uncle Archives Vault, or ... Why I Hate Penny
Arcade compiled by Michael Opedisano

packet available from ???
Clippings, posters, letters, etc., blasting the people who handled Smith's estate (Thanks to Lisa B. Falour for sending it my way.)

Demonic Males: Apes and the Origins of Human Violence

by Richard Wrangham and Dale Peterson
paperback book, \$14, Mariner Books

A book that would have done Valerie Solanas's heart good.

January 27, 1998

Dreamt last night that I swallowed little bits of broken glass. Woke up upset and had a hard time convincing myself it wasn't true.

**February 1998
letter from David Stensland**

I'm in that phase again where I can't do much but sit & wait, like for something big & good to happen. Then I can get on with doing regular things.

I thought again this week I should be more serious about studying Buddhism & meditating & exercising etc... And do some volunteer community service. But I'll have to wait just a little bit longer.

February 4, 1998

Was reading a letter from Davida on the train tonight. "I haven't been feeling great mentally. I had to go back to sobbing." And I thought, That's exactly how I've felt lately. Then I was reading it again and realized she said "go back to subbing", as in being a substitute teacher.

Finally came up with a cover idea for the next *Dwan* and finished it today. *Narcissistic and bogus*, as it must be. Suppose I should start writing the Introduction.

Also applied for a Geocities website today. It's at <<http://www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Village/6982>>. Don't know when I'll have time to put anything there.

February 9, 1998

I've been trying like so many people I know to live my life so that all the love I've ever felt or been shown can flow through me to everyone around me. Every day I feel like I'm shutting down though, like I'm slowly leaving the world. I'm not sure what I'm doing.

February 14, 1998

I'm not as depressed as I sound. I don't know if I've ever been more content or "centered", despite everything. It's hard to convey a sense of peace or joy in writing. For me language has always been so jarring. Putting things into

Donny: Tell me a little about coming out as a bisexual. Did you go through a "monosexual phase"?

Jill: I tried for a long time to be a lesbian, that is, to relinquish my attractions to men in favor of my attractions to women. It made sense politically. I was a ball-breaking feminist, a real firebrand, with precious little tolerance for sexism. I liked men sexually, but as soon as they opened their mouths, they were bound to piss me off. I've only mellowed a degree or so!

I have been active in the bisexual community for about ten years or so, tapering off gradually in the last several. I was a founding member of the group BiUnity in Philadelphia in 1987, and started *BiFocus*, the newsletter for Philadelphia area bisexuals, a few years after that. My first published essays were on bisexuality, in *Closer to Home* (Seal Press, 1992, under the pseudonym Vashiti) and in *Bisexual Politics: Theories, Queries and Visions* (Haworth Press, 1995).

I have some monosexual tendencies, I'd say. They're just not along the axis of biological sex. For example, as women go, I'm primarily attracted to butches. As for men, I prefer artsy queer boys with an edge and hunky gym guys with soft demeanors.

To hear more from Jill, read her book Whores and Other Feminists (Routledge, \$17.95 paperback, \$65.00 hardcover) and my full interview with her in Virago

5. Many thanks to Sarah Manvel for sponsoring this interview and providing editorial advice and insights. Read her zine! Available for \$2 from Sarah Manvel, 1905 Sands Dr, Annapolis MD 21401-6233 USA.

words makes my heart beat fast; I feel restless like I should stand up and find a way out of the room.

Lately I've been wondering if I should continue *Dwain*. It takes up a lot of my time, which maybe I could spend better. I often think, what's the use of poetry? Then I'll come across an old favorite, something I read when I felt young, like "(A Letter & Spontaneous Ekegesis)" by Phillip L. Allen: "I imagine myself kissing you deeply, and discovering each tooth with my tongue. Each tooth would be amazing, and make the most sense. I imagine myself taking your cock in my hand and discovering its line and its velvet. I imagine myself taking your cock into my mouth and letting my lips caress it to its base and there notice each detail, and be amazed." And then I think maybe I'm doing something worthwhile.

For those of you who just tuned in, this all started in Davenport Community School, Davenport, Nebraska, about 15 years ago (see the cover of this issue). I sneaked access to the school's photocopier and used it to put out mean comic books and poetry chapbooks about different teachers, which I sold for \$1 over the noon hour. Then at University of Nebraska, when no magazine would publish my poems or translations, I made up a magazine called *Lincoln Bulletin* modelled on surrealist magazines. I hid *Lincoln Bulletins* in library books, stapled them to bulletin boards, or left them on free literature racks. Then around 1989 or 1990 I heard about *Homocore* and sent for it and suddenly entered the world of zines. I got *Factsheet Five* (Mike Gunderloy's) and *Holy Tidelamps* and *Feedback* (Carol Schneek's). I felt like I finally had a people of my own. *Lincoln Bulletin* was flooded with all kinds of queerish poetry. This led to *Dwain*.

Meanwhile I spent a few months in Queer Nation and a week in a psychiatric hospital, and I met Mark, and within a few months we decided we were "life partners" (or something, we still don't know what to call each other). We moved from Nebraska to central Pennsylvania in 1993 so Mark could go to grad school. By 1997 I couldn't stand central Pennsylvania anymore, got a job at Swarthmore, and moved in with Mark's aunt and uncle in Philadelphia. Mark stayed behind to teach at Penn State.

Which brings us to the present. Me sitting next to my vaporizer in my room on the third floor of a beautiful old townhouse in a so-so section of Philadelphia. Mark sitting with Midge in a run-down apartment in an old iron town about 150 miles from here. "And when our little day is done we lie down quietly in peace, for all is well" (to quote Thomas R. Kelly).

from "Stained with Each Other's Realities"

an email interview with Jill Nagle
editor of *Whores and Other Feminists*

Donny: What are monosexuality and monosexism? How do they relate to other forms of oppression?

Jill: I'm going to be a little crude and simplistic here. The world tells us there are two sexes, male and female. The sexual labels *lesbian* and *gay* depend upon this belief system. Monosexuality is being oriented toward one, and only one, of the two putative biological sexes. So lesbians, gays, and heterosexuals are all monosexual. Monosexism is the normalization of this orientation and the oppression of those who transgress it, i.e., bisexuals. Bisexuals get targeted by lesbians, gays, and heterosexuals alike, though the circumstances and power dynamics of each differ greatly. Monosexism is to monosexuality as heterosexism is to heterosexuality. The *ism* is about privileging of one orientation with regard to its opposite. Not all monosexuals are monosexist, just as not all heterosexuals are heterosexist.

As an out bisexual activist in Philadelphia, my monosexual allies were few and far between. I used to go into lesbian spaces and give workshops on bisexuality, which was opening myself up for conflict in ways both similar to and different from going into dorms and fraternity houses and doing what we used to call "Meet the Queer" educational workshops on lesbian, gay, and bisexual issues (we hadn't got as far as transsexual issues). I had one lesbian ally, Rebecca, who would speak out on bisexual issues fearlessly. She wasn't bisexual—not even close. She simply understood how important it was to challenge the shit.

Melanie Hemphill
little pieces

when I was 4 years old
boys made me cry
with dirty looks
or by telling me
I would surely die
from eating dirt

face smeared black I would
run home screaming
into the arms of my mother
who would rock me in her arms
while I cried, hyperventilated
but never got mad

resented boys so early in life
now that I think about it
hated girls too
except the ones in playboy

when I was 4 years old
I would hide underneath
the dining room table
play with my ballerina doll
letting down her hair and
kissing her on the cheek

masturbation brought little pieces
of full on brilliance
stars trickling down my cheeks
centerfolds shaking my body
boys and fathers and violence
would just explode and disappear

Carlos Schröder
from progenitors

15.

if your name betrays you and let you know
you were somewhere else
before these letters
how do we change the path?

when copi died
(I don't remember since I never knew)
the ones who cried
cried much closer from him
that I will ever was
and that's the thing
grammar broken
forever altering the space of selves

I cannot tell
this I am not
and that's exactly where I am.

Vytautas Pliuša The Waterlily Hour

I go to sleep
and do not mind going alone
I know each stairstep
I tug the sheet, billowing canvas

The moon lingers over the riverboat
(I must drown to wake)
and like Houdini
I am bound in ropes,
and put in a box,
and thrown into the churning waters

I dream of a merman
bristling gills, heaving muscle
stinging catfish whiskers
Low-flying planes and divers search for my body

An iron gaff-hook pierces my jaw
and pulls me over a barnacled boat
Men laugh and smoke cigarettes
They weigh me, they measure me

We drift toward shore ...
I bolt over the side
and swim to the water's edge,
to crawl, draped in seaweed and waterlilies
fins flipping
on parched, cement-coated land ...

Néstor Latrónico La anciana mariposa

siento frágil la luz
en su abrazo que alcanza
a mi cuerpo desplegado

la luz
me llega
con su animal sagrado
el día en que nací
(el recuerdo de mi madre)

y crece en retoños
que ascienden por mi cuerpo
hacia unas alas antiguas
que ya no regresan

Miguel Angel Lens
Elusive Treasure

sweet nosegay
of wilting memories

dreams fleeting in sepia
on the carpet
of unforgettable lawns

the child poet
on his knees behind the pines
kisses the erect fair sex

standing
the well-favored adventurer
half shuts his eyes
and wets his lips

*translated by Donny Smith
from Jaschou by Miguel Angel Lens
(Alicia Gallegos, Buenos Aires, 1992)*

Fabián O. Iriarte
promesas en el urinario público
(love's labours lost)

no quedará la fiebre ni la imagen
canibales / espejos

la única definición correcta de estos
sexos son dioses / extinguidos
tapaban tu desnudo urgente

rosas en desorden / entre tus uñas
y un clima de esplendor / tacto frontera

pedían lo imposible / fugitivo
resolver juego de sombras

reprinted from Poesía gay de Buenos Aires with permission of the author

Darren Lucock

Horizons

Sometimes, sunlight streams
through my window,
reminding me of summers gone,
haymaking, and the words my
Mother wrote
for her errant child.
A feeling like elation,
of lovers newly discovering
a passion, so savage and sweet.
The scent of something wild.

My eyes are drawn towards the
horizon,
limned in a roseate glow.
I remember the cat
basking in this evening light
as though in an attitude of prayer.
I remember how we laughed,
the cat looked miffed,
he seemed to know
it was him we were laughing at.

This year there will be no
haymaking.
This year I have no lover,
nor even the friendly buzz
of the cat purring in my ear.
But the sun will keep me warm,
until another year.

*reprinted from Newspeak: The Garth Newsletter August 1996, with permission
of the editors*

Darren Francis Lucock committed suicide 13th February 1997, suddenly and with little or no warning to anybody else, even his work colleagues at *Newspeak* magazine [the Garth prison newsletter]. Of course, after the event little things said and done were significant, but only in hindsight. For example, he offered to donate his radio cassette to *Newspeak* so that we could have music while we worked.

He was 22 and had been in prison since he was 15, still at-school age here in UK. He was convicted of murder of a reputed child molester in Warrington, Cheshire. He was remanded to a Young Offenders Institution, Castington, Northumberland, i.e., a long way from home and family, and transferred here when he reached 21. He had a tariff (a recommended minimum to serve) of 13 years and was therefore about halfway. However, tariffs here are not remotely firm release dates and many people do far longer for no apparent reason.

His home background appears to have been unstable, and he was brought up by his grandparents. *Unstable* here means experimentation with drugs, acid mainly, which may have caused him to suffer from depression and flashbacks at times. He was allowed to use drugs here, mainly acid and hash—and also alcohol, so who knows his state of mind on the night in question?

bio courtesy Darren Lucock's colleagues at Newspeak